

THE SCOTCH AUTHOR OF "A KING OF NOWHERE"



PUBLIC STILL SKATING.

Ice skating continues to attract the public to the St. Nicholas Rink. In spite of the lateness of the season it is well crowded at each of the three daily sessions. Fancy skating is more popular than ever. Skating has been so popular that the management plans to keep the rink open until June 1.

they are left with only the unskilled hands of love to finish them. However, Mr. Tellegen and others have been able to see the touch of a master hand beneath the blurs made by tender but unskilled fingers.

"The New York critics may not be so gracious about the play as some of the Boston ones, but they cannot fail to see that in the play Mr. Tellegen is a masterpiece. As Godfrey, the Celtic knight, Mr. Tellegen is in face, figure and above all voice the absolute embodiment of the old Celtic type of hero. To those who have forgotten the poems of Ossian let me remind them that these poems were translated into every European tongue, and that the only volume known to be carried everywhere by the great Napoleon throughout his campaigns was the poems of Ossian.

"In London and New York you have been flooded with so many plays and players of the Broad Scotch, Lowland peasant type."

"Buntly" I smiled.

"Well, a delightful, clever play"—and Miss Macpherson smiled too—"but absolutely different in life and language from those of the Highland Scot, to whom Broad Scotch is almost a foreign tongue. The Highlanders, who lived in the western isles of Scotland and among the mountains of the central Highlands, were of the Celtic race and spoke the Gaelic language. The peasants spoke nothing but Gaelic, and the English of Highland gentlemen was the English of a Frenchman or German learns through the study of the English classics and an English grammar.

"The delightful Broad Scotch of Harry Lauder and Buntly would have puzzled the old-time Highland Scot as much as Chinese."

"Strangely enough, it is Mr. Tellegen's slight foreign intonation and manner which help to make him such an ideal Gaelic knight for the Highlanders of Godfrey's time intermingled much with the French, and Mr. Tellegen's English is startlingly like the beautiful rich tones of that great."

courty Highland gentleman who died twenty years ago and who was known as the last of the old Highland chiefs—Ewan of Cluny, chief of Clan Chattan.

"In this play, 'A King of Nowhere,' my late sister's idea was not a swash-buckling melodrama, but merely a human romantic comedy to show that the broad, restless, athletic, fearless man or woman. Some of the critics have thought her conception of King Henry excellent, others have thought it overdrawn and farcical, but my sister studied every available authority on the latter part of Henry's reign and her drawing of his character is absolutely true to history. Ever free and easy with his attendants and court, Henry during the two or three years preceding his death was subject to frenzies of irritability and fits of diabolical mirth at other people's expense, in which cushions, scrolls and any handy objects were thrown at the heads of his nervous courtiers and attendants. He is also known to have been haunted by fears of the supernatural. His love for angling is well known, and often, though unable to stand owing to an ulcer in his leg, he would lounge on a couch in the ponds at Hampton Court Palace.

"In spite of all Henry's shortcomings, my sister felt and she made a profound study of his character. Henry might have been one of the world's greatest men, as well as the great King he undoubtedly was, if he had only found in his early manhood a broad-minded and often, though unable to stand owing to an ulcer in his leg, he would lounge on a couch in the ponds at Hampton Court Palace.

"Poor King Henry! He was looking only a little more assiduously than other men for King Solomon's wisdom in ten thousand."

"Now, Miss Macpherson, that is quite enough about kings. Remember, I am an American. Tell me about your own dramatic efforts. You give all the credit to your late sister and your brother in the trenches. But I have heard on very good authority that under a nom de plume you won the prize offered by one of your foremost London dramatic clubs for the best written and best constructed play."

"Oh, please," Miss Macpherson interrupted me hurriedly, "do not tell me I won a prize in a play competition, or manœuvre woman, his equal in culture and brains, whose goodness was not narrow enough to make him want to be wicked."

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heard somebody beg Miss Macpherson to come at once, so I rose hastily. "Oh, you have to go?" Miss Macpherson said with sweet Scottish-I mean Highland—graciousness. "No," I said, "but I know you must, and I bade this charming young authoress good-by and good luck. "Remember," she said, "if you are present on Monday night to see Mr. Tellegen you will see the most wonderful acting, and I am proud to think that so great and gifted an actor as Mr. Tellegen is impersonating our kindly hero."

MISS ULRICH'S YOUTH.

A Girl Who Also Liked to Be Indian in Her Mind and Play.

It is not unusual for boys to play that they are Indians, but it is a bit out of the ordinary for girls to assume such parts in childhood games. It was different with Lenore Ulrich, whose father, Frank X. Ulrich, was a hospital steward in the United States army attached to an army post in the West after the death of Gen. Custer in Indian fame.

When little Lenore was old enough to open her eyes and take notice of things about her she saw in every room of the Ulrich home in New Ulm, Minn., where she was born, numberless Indian trophies that her father had gathered during those earlier days following upon the defeat of the Indians by Gen. Custer. Miss Ulrich's father had gained the confidence and trust of the Indians and they had given him many presents of their own handicraft. Miss Ulrich still has many of these, and some of the things which the Indians had given her father now adorn her dressing room in the Lyceum Theatre, where as *Wetona*, the daughter of Quannah, chief of the

Comanches, in George Scarborough's American play, "The Heart of Wetona," presented by Charles Frohman, David Belasco, she has made a profound impression with paygoers. In her room at the hotel where she is living, Miss Ulrich also has Indian objects all about her. Truly this new little Belasco artistic lives and always has lived in the atmosphere of the part which she is now playing.

Instead of the usual fairy stories told to children Miss Ulrich's father told her Indian stories, in many of which he had actively figured, and as he trotted her on his knee little Lenore even then imagined that she was an Indian princess. Little wonder then that all during her childhood Lenore Ulrich was filled with a love for the Indians and that she played with paygoose dolls instead of the ordinary ones.

From the time that she was but a mere child, Miss Ulrich played that she was an Indian maiden and always took great delight in dressing herself up as an Indian princess and telling people that she was the daughter of a big Indian chief. When she was but 8 years old, little Lenore conceived and played her own little play of "Pocahontas," which she gave to the delight of the neighbors down a little glen back of the Ulrich home in New Ulm. All of the available girls, and boys in the neighborhood were pressed into service by Princess Lenore, who staged the whole thing. Everything about her little play was natural, and given in a little stretch of woodland, her pets, the squirrels, so tame that they would eat out of her hand and run over her arms and shoulders, also took part. So you see at an early period in her life Miss Ulrich was destined to one day play a part such as she now is delighting theatregoers with in "The Heart of Wetona."

In fact, Miss Ulrich says that her conception of the role of *Wetona* in many respects has been modeled out of the memory of her own original "Pocahontas" at the age of 8, with the additional knowledge she has gained since then, kindly by her increased

imagination growing out of the melioring of the stories her father used to tell her of the Indians after Custer's time.

As a schoolgirl Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was her favorite piece, and she used to recite it at every function the school gave. Many were the prizes that Miss Ulrich won with her recitations, the poem favorite always being "Hiawatha." In speaking of it the other day in a between the acts interview in her pretty little dressing room to the right of the proscenium at the Lyceum, Miss Ulrich said after a little reflection that much of her portrayal of the role of *Wetona* had been built up from her memories of her childhood conception of Pocahontas, which was made decidedly real to her because of the strong Indian atmosphere in which she lived.

"From the stories which my father used to tell me as we sat together amid his remarkable collection of Indian curios and from his strong and sympathetic enthusiasm for the tribal men and women, I early formed a remarkable fondness and interest for Indian life and customs," said Miss Ulrich, "it is this, inborn, so to speak, sympathetic understanding of the thoughts and feelings of the Indian, coupled with Mr. Belasco's wonderful and most sympathetic direction, that makes it possible for me to put my whole heart and soul into the playing of the character of *Wetona* in 'The Heart of Wetona.' When theatregoers stop to think too of Mr. Belasco's own life spent among the Indians in Mexico, Lower California and the Southwest from the day of his birth to almost the time he became the great stage director of San Francisco many years ago, it is easy to understand and appreciate how he has been able to so truthfully inject real Indian atmosphere and character into the staging and acting of Mr. Scarborough's strong play that has been called 'An Indian Madam Butterfly.' Although I greatly liked playing in 'The Bird of Paradise,' I have never had a part that I really loved as I do that of *Wetona*. This is because it seems a part of my

THE NEWMAN LECTURE

"Bolivia, Costa Rica, Panama," is the subject of the fifth "Travel-talk" in E. M. Newman's interesting and successful series of "photographic journeys." It will have its presentation at Carnegie Hall this evening. By means of the motion picture and views in color, obtained last summer, the lecturer will conduct his hearers, first to La Paz, the seat of the Bolivian Government, then to other Indian cities on the great Bolivian plateau, and across mysterious Lake Titicaca, with its picturesque balsas or reed boats. The long journey home-ward is begun at Guayaquil, the busy port of Ecuador, whence the itinerary includes the cities of Panama and Colon and every-thing else of interest in the Canal Zone.

own life, and that I do not feel that I am acting, but that I am living the life of *Wetona*."

Walter Jones's Career.

Walter Jones, who is featured in the principal comedy role of *John Doe* in "The Blue Envelope," which Richard Lambert is presenting at the Cort Theatre, is one of the most energetic and agreeable farceurs of the American stage. Among the best achievements of Mr. Jones in his profession of farce-making are recalled in his interpretation of leading characters in "The Night of the Fourth," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "One Round of Pleasure," "The Girl and the Bandit," "Miss Pocahontas," as *Arcturion* in "The Duchess," with Fred Schott, and as *Jimmy Jinks* in "Baby Mine." More recently he has been featured player in "Just Like John," "The Gentleman from No. 19," "Oh, I Say," "The Third Party," "All Over Town," "Thru for Tatt," &c. Mr. Jones's stage career runs back a great many years, but for all that he is a young man who derives more pleasure in making others laugh than many brokers do in cleaning up millions on the stock market.



GENEVIEWE HEMPER, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THERE is a young Scottish authoress at present in America who flies from interviewers and shuns publicity of all kinds but I ran her to earth at the Hotel Touraine, Boston.

Miss Du Rocher Macpherson, joint author with her brother of "A King of Nowhere," in which Lon-Tellegen moves to-morrow night from the Maxine Elliott to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, was surrounded by bouquets and other tartan decked tributes she had received from the Cleveland and Scottish clubs of Boston and Massachusetts. Headed by the pipe drum and bagpipes, those enthusiastic Scots marched through the deep snow recently to the Shubert Theatre, Boston, where the piece had its premier, to do honor to their fellow countrywoman.

I had counted on finding both authors, but Miss Macpherson said that was impossible at present and as explanation handed me a striking photograph of a staid young Highlander, rugged in the trenches "some-where in Flanders." It was realistic enough to bring home very forcibly to me the horror of that world tragedy, the European war. "Oh," said Miss Macpherson, "not the least part of the tragedy is that we all have friends among all the nations at war."

"But I did not come here to talk about the war," I said, "but about your plays. Yours is a delightful collaboration. A brother and sister will not be subject to the differences and quarrels of most collaborators."

"Well, in this particular collaboration quarrels are impossible," I was assured, "because for the last few years my brother and myself have had only the one aim in life—to complete the unfinished plays and scenarios of a dearly beloved and brilliantly gifted sister who died as the result of an accident. All the faults of the King of Nowhere belong indubitably to my brother and myself, the merits are indubitably hers."

In the words of George Meredith and some of our leading English dramatic critics and theatrical managers, my late sister was "a dramatic genius." She had completed only one or two plays before her death. For one of these she received the unstinted praise of the Paris critics; the other was secured not many months ago by the greatest and most glorious queen of women, Ada Rehan.

"A King of Nowhere" was, unfortunately, one of my sister's uncompleted plays. Shortly before she died

she read to my brother and myself the second act in rough form, which, by the way, Mr. Tellegen has asked me to translate into French for his future use in Paris, as he considers it a masterpiece piece of writing. But even a masterpiece piece of writing or a masterpiece picture may be spoiled when

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STRINDBERG NEWS.

Mme. Strindberg, one of the wives of the Swedish dramatist, will lecture about him to-night at the Bandbox Theatre. She will tell many intimate facts about his work and his theories of art. She will have the assistance of other artists.

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"Julius Caesar" in German.

The actors of the Irving Place Theatre will give on Tuesday at the Metropolitan Opera House a performance of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." The proceeds are for the pension fund of the Irving Place Theatre. In the cast on Tuesday will be the principal actors of the theatre. Four of the principal scenes of the tragedy will be selected.

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NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES AND SUCCESSES.

EMPIRE Broadway & 40th St. "CHARLES FROHMAN" Manager. **LAST WEEK** Charles Frohman presents "Klaw & Erlanger."

Elsie Ferguson in *Hall Caine's Sensational Success* **Margaret Schiller**

Next Tuesday, April 4th SEAT SALE OPENING, 7:30 P. M. CHARLES FROHMAN Presents A NEW PLAY OF U. S. ARMY LIFE ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

RIO GRANDE BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

THE BOOMERANG BY WINCHELL VICTOR MAPES

THE HOUSE OF GLASS CONAN ARNOLD. DRAMATIC SURPRISE OF A DECADE WITH MARY KILPATRICK and the GREATEST ALL AMERICAN CAST

JUSTICE ASTOR BWAY, 1st St. Eves. 8:10 Sharp. 3rd BIG MONTH

THE COHAN REVUE 1916

LONGFELLOW 46 St. Eves. 8:10 Sharp. 6th MONTH

THE GREAT LOVER IN HIS COMEDY TRIUMPH "THE GREAT LOVER" Scott Selling 5 Weeks Ahead.

THE COHAN REVUE 1916

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LYCEUM Broadway & 45 St. "CHARLES FROHMAN" Manager. **LAST WEEK** Charles Frohman presents "Klaw & Erlanger."

The Heart of Wetona CHARLES FROHMAN, DAVID BELASCO Present Geo. Scarborough's Play

GAYETY AT GAYETY B'WAY 46 St. 3rd CAPACITY MONTH

MRS. FISKE In a comedy all about the Pennsylvania Dutch, in the funny little town of Reinharts, Pa.

ERSTWHILE SUSAN

THE MELODY OF YOUTH BRANDON TAYLOR'S Irish Comedy "A FINE, DELICATE, SENTIMENTAL LITTLE COMEDY." Eves. Mat.

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HUDSON MATS. WED. AND SAT. 11th BIG WEEK SEATS SELLING 8 WEEKS AHEAD OLIVER MOROSCO presents

THE CINDERELLA MAN BY ELLIOTT CLARK

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